

Hammer Bros "Boston Am"

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The palest of flesh is but a privilege to some. From hell we march to rape the season. These boots are stained with the courage of none. Stompin' you faggots into oblivion. Now I share the knife that cuts the tension. Back peels your face as I poison the womb. Cast your doubts on me, this heart is bleeding. If only you knew how much I hate you! The morning sun, so mindless and dull. The day is yours, keep all who surrender. This path I walk is not a choice I've made but the beat of a heart supple and raw

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